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VULCAN'S REBUKE.

SUBMISSIVELY ADDRESSED

TO THE

Worshipful PETER PINDAR, Esq;

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE COUSIN,

PAUL JUVENAL, GENT.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A SHORT, (BUT VERY PATHETIC)

PRAYER TO THE DIVINE REVIEWERS,

WITH

AN ORIGINAL VISION.

The whole creation lives by savage prey—
Gudgeons kill worms;—and pike poor gudgeons slay:
Voracious wolves inferior beasts engage,
And wolves, fall victims to the tyger's rage.

Great Peter Pindar makes a prey on all,
And now great Peter falls a prey to PAUL!

LONDON,

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

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E X O R D I U M.

YE *Nymphs* of Black-boy Alley ;—am'rous swains !
 That in Chick-lane, or *pious* Grubstreet reigns,
 Deign to assist my very humble ditty :—
 No lofty *muse* I court ; no heaven-born *dame* !
 With *steel* and *tinderbox*, to raise a flame ;
 But you that sing old *ballads* through the city.

Celestial *nymphs*, that give each other battle,
 Drink *drams* to cool your *thirst*,—that worst of foes !
 Herrings and sprats, harmoniously rattle ;
 Come light my *taper* at your blazing *nose* !

Melpomene be hang'd,—with prim Miss *Clio*,
 Or bake them with the *seven*,—in a pie O ;

Old *Pluto* in a dust-cart take the nine :—

If you, ye *nymphs* and *swains*, (so dazzling bright)
 Will condescend to aid an humble *Wight*,
 In *s spite* of all their *teeth*—I'll sing SUBLIME.

Now for my heavenly song :—HAIL *Peter Pindar* !

—Give me some gin, *Urania*, do'st hear ?
 (My throat's more dry, sweet *Thalia*, than tinder)
 —If you have got no *spirits*,—bring me *beer*.

ALL hail to *thee*, sublime and lofty PETER—

Thou star-capt poet, with angelic *feature* !

O may I *crouch* beneath thy spreading banners :
 Thy *precepts* treasure up within my *joul*,
 Like *thee* ; my native IMPUDENCE controul,
 And mingle with much *wit*, some little *manners*.

Then might friend *Thomas*, eat his *loaves* and *fishes* ;
 His *Sire* without denial, sip his *tea* :

EXORDIUM.

Lice (*unsung*) might crawl across his dishes,
And I should mind my business ;—*like thee.*

O could I borrow thy *delightful* spirit !
That sweet, soft tenderness, which you inherit ;
That *homage* which to *PETTICOATS* you pay :
Or stamp upon my cheek,—that *blush*, divine
Peculiar to thy *own*,—and *modest* rhyme
So much unlike a *TYGER* bent on prey.

Then might sweet *Hannah More*, her genius follow,
Attune her pensive song to great *Apollo*,
Without being cataclaw'd, abus'd, and cuff'd :
Miss Seward, (sister to the *robin*, sweet)
Might gods and goddesses with music greet,
Without the risk of being scorn'd, and huff'd.

French *queens*, no more, be put in competition
With that *good* queen, an *Englishman* can boast ;

We

EXORDIUM.

We all should join to *damn*—Priest or PHYSICIAN,
Should they refuse to drink her as a *toast*.

BLESS'D are these days, thicke happy are the hours,
When glisters—and emeticks lose their pow'rs,
And doctors deal no longer with distempers ;
When pimps, bawds, tinkers, coblers, and DIVINES
Alike are charm'd, with Peter Pindar's lines,
And interest themselves in his adventures.

When little boys, adorn'd with buds of sense,
Prefer sweet Peter to the Accidence ;
And six-feet blockheads, (Students in a College)
The paltry arts and sciences deride,
With Peter Pindar to a brothel stride ;
Improve weak brains, and cultivate vile knowledge.

Why talk of statues for great master Howard ?
Pray hold your tongues,—the muses will be sower'd ;
They'll

EXORDIUM.

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They'll take affront, and flee away from *Britain*:

A lofty column for great *PETER* raise;

Himself at top, crown'd with his *lousy* bays;

This motto on the base:—KINGS HE SPIT ON.



VULCAN'S

VULCANI

VULCAN'S REBUKE.

I SING, nor rural nymphs, nor am'rous swains,
Sequester'd groves;—nor blyth Arcadian plains,

Nor grots,—nor purling streams :
Nor steel-clad knights, in warlike geer array'd ;
With feats of arms, in bloody fields display'd ;

Poets' fantastic dreams !

Fain ¹ would I *scrape* my humble catgut lays

To the sweet notes of Peter Pindar's praise,

Peter, ² the bane of kings !

And ³ laureat's devil :—Ye gods ! my song assist ;

Rosin ⁴ my fiddlestic ;—and then my fist

Shall ⁵ thrum the tuneful strings.

B

Thea

VULCAN'S REBUKE.

Hail⁶ hunch-back'd god!—no more thy bellows blow,

Or smite on anvils in the shades below;

Smite, my impervious skull;

Then shall my *shallow*, ignominious brains,

Teem with my cousin's *soft*, harmonious strains,

Although by nature—dull.

Like him, shall please, the⁷ lubberheaded crowd,

And sound the trumpet of *self-praise* aloud,

As quacks upon a stool:

Whole volumes of poetic nostrums vend,

To wrap up butter, or a candle's end;

Or⁸ crown some brother fool.

Then shall I write with Peter Pindar's ease,

As⁹ he of *lice*;—so I shall sing of *fleas*;

Yea:—and¹⁰ imperial bugs!!

Ah *Peter, Peter!*—when those elves I name,

I feel my tingling blood, all in a flame,

As¹¹ late beneath your rugs!

I rub my nettled back; I scratch my thighs;—

(Believe me, *Peter*, I'm not telling lies)

Until as red—

As your¹² vermillion skies:

Where

VULCAN'S REBUKE.

3

Where pious *Phœbus*, on his bended knees,

Within the curtain of your torrid *blaze*,

Thus seems to say:—

“ Praythee, good *Peter*, from thy *daubings* cease,

“ If thus with *paint* you plaster up my face

“ It never can be day.”

Come then, O Vulcan, “¹³ cast aside your *quid*,

Attune my *fiddle*, and my *salt-box* *lid*;

O teach me how to play:—

My humble *Ode* inspire

With true *Pindaric fire*,

And in my cousin's *praises* shape my lay.

Extend your bandy legs, and take a stride —

(Not to the *moon*, my lord, for that's too wide)

Up to my garret *vile* —

Where gods, and goddesses, dropp'd from the clouds,

Amidst the dust, and cobwebs, stand in crowds,

And “¹⁴ with old maidens smile.

VULCAN.

Thou “¹⁵ shirtless bard;—pray what have *gods* to do

With *Peter Pindar*, or such *knaves* as you;—

Go bid him mind his *glisters*:—

*Cross

VULCAN'S REBUKE.

'Cross the bare back of old *Pegasus* straddle,
 Or, on his *hoofs* to mount Parnassus waddle,
 There purge Apollo's sisters.
 And *shave* (do't hear) his own black beard, and whiskers.—

But (hold, good Paul) I think, on second hand,
 No common razor's edge, his beard can stand ;
 No not the finest blade
 At *Serum*, or at *Sheffield* made,
 By the best *artif* in the whitesmith trade.

When next on *sprats* th' Esquire fits down to dine,
 With maids of all work ; or the Muses nine,
 Upon the banks of *Po*, or *Severn*, or the *Rhine* ;
 Or where the devil you please, (by way of rhime) ;
 Tell ¹⁶ him to wash his face :
 And not ¹⁷ defile poor Susan's polish'd tongs,
 With the vile offal of his slimy lungs ;
 Or daub the floor with grease.

Praythee remind him when he next engages
 To purchase *tales* of chambermaids, and pages,
 'Bout family affairs,
 That if on any false, or vague pretence,
 He should neglect to pay them down the *pence*,
 They'll ¹⁸ kick him *up* the stairs.

VULCAN'S REBUKE.

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Is it not shameful that a bard so great,
 By fortune bles'd with Peter's *large estate*,
 Should sift poor maiden's brains,
 And give them not one farthing for their pains? —

Yes, by my godship 'tis.—

Rebecca swears, she'll flap his *ugly fiz*,
 The next time Peter Pindar prays
 To be, by her inform'd, of "*Master's ways*." —

And *Master's* valet swears
 He'll *lug*, (if any on his head) the poet's ears;
 Until he makes him flutter
 Like a sturdy beggar; rolling in the gutter.—

And this he'll do because
 Peter did unlock the valet's jaws,
 And made him tell how *mistress*, 'tother night,
 Was plac'd between two clergymen: —

With only *one*; wax taper light!
 And *bow*, before bold chanticleer did crow,

The other morn:

She rang her bell

The time of day to know! —

What *secrets* pass'd, at breakfast—dinner--supper!
 About *dry toast*, hot rolls, and bread and butter: —

Which

VULCAN'S REBUKE.

Which side the bread
Old *Bess*, the butter spread!
And such momentous things! —

How many times a day the child, in leading strings
Did foul his clout :—

All this! — and more — by Peter was fish'd out.
Minutes of which great 'Squire Piadar took,
And entered in his *memorandum book*!

Then gravely march'd away,
And the poor valet, — quite *forgot to pay*.

Thus, when the King of British Isles did go,
To view the wealthy 'Squire Whitbread's show;
The mighty Peter Pindar also went. —

(PAUL.)

What, with the King?

(VULCAN.)

No Paul — No —

(PAUL.)

Pray then, how did he go?

(VULCAN.)

— *Snug in a porter barrel pent.*

The headless barrel stood upon its bum,
Thy cousin Peter, peep'd out — from the bung.
And as our Monarch up and down did stroll
With his beloved Consort; — check by joul,

Engag'd

VULCAN'S REBUKE.

7

Engag'd in *tete à tête*,
 And head, to head,
 (As those have got a right to do, who wed)
 The "barrell'd poet, on uneasy seat,
 Did minute down—
 (As coming from the crown)
 More, than what was said.

PAUL.

By all the *Nine*,—your words are harsh, and odd ;
Words, unbecoming one that's dub'd a god,
 Vulcan, you must be *mellow* :—
 By the foul language you are pleas'd to hold,
 'Tis tantamount to being flatly told,
 That Peter Pindar, is a *dirty fellow*.

VULCAN.

And so be it :—Thou know'it, two moons ago ;—
 (Two did I say ?—that's wrong,—it is not so,
 It is not fact I tell.
 One moon ago) in famous Monmouth-street
 He got new rigg'd ; sheer from his head to feet ;—
 But now's, as black as hell.

Never did sloven such vile precepts follow ;
 Or brother *brush*, or *quill*, or young *Apollo* :

Or

VULCAN'S REBUKE.

Or any of the nine! —

My charcoal beard ;—black eyes, and colly fiz,
Are perfect beauties, when compar'd with his,—

More ²⁰ black than *Catiline*.

Twig his best waistcoat, purchas'd second hand ;

Lo 'tis a map of great *Van Diemen's land* ;

Besmear'd with regions wide :—

Here, *snuffy* mountains lift their *dusty* heads ;

There, *greasy* rivers sweep their *slimy* beds,

And rivulets of *gin*,—and *porter* glide !

It seems a perfect chart of *Bot'ny Bay*,

Where *Cluer Dicey* all his arts display,

In yellow, red, and green ;

(The finest composition ever seen !)

Carmine—gumbouge—and liquid verdegrease,

Describes each district, country, clime, and place,

Without an optic seen.

Or, to use quainter terms ;—*there* we may see,

Stain'd with pure dripping, porridge, soup, and tea,

A map of all the world :—

Degrees, equator, zodiac, and poles ;

Peninsulas, and capes ;—gulphs, channels, sholes ;

From *chops* o'erloaded, hurl'd.

PAUL.

PAUL.

May the fierce curses, Doctor *Slop* let fall
 On Obadiah's *knots*;—yea, one and all,
 Arm'd with true Popish spirit,
 (Such as *dark* hell itself doth not inherit)
 Consume, or demi gods, or devils :—(Yes, my lord)
 And hang you all together in one cord
 For thus insulting *Peter Pindar's* merit.—

VULCAN.

Did you e'er know a poet in your days,
 Crown'd by Apollo, with *immortal bays*,
 Regard a *dirty face*:
 Saints bless thy puny knowledge and experience,
 Peter, and *cleanliness*, are quite at variance;
 He deems it a disgrace,

Your cloud-eapt bards are known from other folks
 By being *black*;—like chimney-sweeps, and rooks,
 And by louse-ladder hose.—
 Didst thou e'er see since first thou wert created,
 A bard upon the throne of honor seated
 Without a *snuffy nose*?

C

Didst

Didst thou e'er see, a laureat crown'd with bays,
Without a shirt, transform'd a thousand ways;

First, with *two ruffles known* :—

But e'er in washtub, *thrice* three times had been,
Or even *once*, appear'd well wash'd, and clean,

You see one ruffle flown !

Then 'neath his wrist, the *widdow'd ruffle's cramm'd*,
There mourns the ragged loss of 'tother hand,

With many a mournful tear ;

Smoke-dry'd cravat, with smoothing iron burn'd,
(As often as a modern Patriot) *turn'd*

To make it *clean appear*.

PAUL.

Please you, dread Vulcan, why so cruel hard,
Why thus lampoon an inoffensive bard ?

Peter's a clever fellow :—

Keep him from porter, brandy, grog, and gin ;
A better ²¹ bard, ne'er wore a human skin :—

We all are fools when mellow.

Shew me a poet, 'midst the grubstreet race,
That can *read greek*, with Peter Pindar's grace ;

Or better tell his letters.—

(VULCAN)

VULCAN'S REBUKE.

11

(VULCAN.)

Or squeak Italian, or on music play ;
 Or when he *sings*,—more like a jackass bray :
 Or satarize his betters.—

A paltry *fungus*, in whose brain each Muse
 Revels at large ;—and plays what pranks they choose,
 And turns it topsy-turvy :—
 At full of moon, you scribblers all are mad ;
 Like heifers, stung with flies, about you gad ;
 Stung, by poetic scurvy.

(PAUL.)

The great T——, knight of high renown,
 Deem'd ²² Peter worthy of a parson's gown ;
 A periwig and band :
 And kept a living for his use in store,
 Five hundred pounds a year, (nay some say more)
 Upon Jamaica's strand.

VULCAN.

Yes ;—and to raise his hopes, the bard was told
 The Rector was exceeding weak, and old ;
 And likely, soon to die :—
 Then Rumour, on his eagle pinions spread,
 Told Peter Pindar that the priest was dead,
 And bade him rise, and fly.

C 2

Away

Away went Peter, and away went he ;
 Equipp'd himself forthwith, and sail'd o'er sea ;
 The storms and billows brav'd ;
 But ah, sad Fate ! when Peter reach'd the strand,
 The *Rector* came, and shook him by the hand ;
 At which he *stamp'd* and *rav'd*.

Rav'd like a bull, in bloody Smithfield pent ;
 Or Charley F-x, in British Parliament,
 When *places* don't go right :—
 Or cats enrag'd upon a penthouse top,
 When squalling rivals, unexpected pop,
 And for Miss *Tabby* fight.

Curse on my stars, (quoth he) and planets *seven* !
 Why, Reverend Sir !—*I thought you were in heaven* :
 Pray is it you I see ?
 Or are you some infernal, ghastly ghost ;
 Who, from the shades below hath ridden post,
 To play the fool with me ?—

I travel post ?—(the reverend priest reply'd)
 Saints bless your *honor*, I've no horse to ride,
 My living is *too small* :—
 Some say it is full *fifty* pounds a year,
 But *Sir* ;—to you I will the fact declare,
 'Tis not *thrice ten* in all !

PETER.

PETER.

Not three times ten?—Fame said *five hundred pounds*
And not one farthing less—

(RECTOR.)

Sweet Sir, 'tis false.—

(PETER.)

— — — — — *Zounds!*

This is enough to make a man quite frantic—
What a *vile fool*;—to cross the wide Atlantic
For one poor *thirty pounds*!

And *that*, up in the clouds;—for if my eyes
Don't tell a pack of most outrageous lies,
You are as *like*;—nay much more like to live,
Than I am to *receive*;—or him to *give*.

RECTOR.

Most courteous Sir, the patron of my living
Has just paid *nature's debt*;—and has done giving.

PETER.

What!—Is my friend, the great T——, dead?—

(RECTOR.)

Sweet Sir, he is:—*To heaven his soul is fled!*

Here Peter was struck *dumb*,—and seem'd a man of lead.

He

VULCAN'S REBUKE.

He look'd like wild *Macbeth*—who *Banquo* saw,
 Fix'd his stern eyes,—and dropp'd his under-jaw——
 Much riffer than a post;
 Not white, like *Hamlet's* ghost—
 But like his own dear self;
 Black, as an hobgoblin, or or an elf,
 Or thief, that comes to rob his neighbour's shelf!

Awhile, thus *stunn'd* he stood,—
 A perfect statue, carv'd in stone or wood:
 Then roll'd his eyeballs, and began to stare
 Like little *David*, fretting in *King Lear*,
 Or *Richard's* counterpart——
 His limbs, as 'twere convuls'd, began to *start*!

O that dame Nature's darling;—*venison Will*,
 Had ken'd this scene; to exercise his skill;
 He might in *Peter's* figure
 Have seen a character as big,—or bigger,
 Than mighty *Cæsar*, when he hurl'd
 From his *proud* foot;—the *Empress* of the world.

O curse, yea double—treble curse—(quoth he)
 Such *ninnyhammers*,—such vile fools as me;
 Who in pursuit of *shaddows* cross'd the sea;—

Yea,

Yea, cross'd the ocean vast—

A turnip riad,—a carrot!

More foolish than that monkey, Doctor Laft,
Mayor of Garret!

Five hundred pounds a year, for ever fled!—

Th' incumbant strong and well:—My patron dead:

(Myself a thousand wat'ry leagues from home!)

Alas for me!—(so saying, droop'd his head:)

He wept:—and made a lamentable moan!

Yes:—Poor Peter Pindar cry'd.—

The Deep, his sorrows felt, and for poor Peter sigh'd!—

For in the verge below

The elves and goblin's know

What's done above;

As those in higher climes,

Where virtue, in eternal splendor shines,

(Sweet source of love)

Are privy to the same.—

But, down below,—fell Hecate knit her brow,

And Cerberus, growl'd, tremend'ous—

Bow! wow! wow!

Far into hell's dark concave roll'd the sound,

And doleful echo's fill'd the vast profound!

Brist'ling

VULCAN'S REBUKE.

Brist'ling the hair
 Of Horror and Despair,
 Rousing from distracting dreams
 Chaos and old Night—
 Who squatted o'er the sulphurous flames,
 And skinny thumbs did bite!—

*Thus (if little things, good Paul, we dare,
 With great, and mighty things, compare :)*

A mastiff dog
 By a tan vat,—burthen'd with a clog,
 Where thieves disturb repose,
 Lifts his flabb'd joul ;—and elevates his nose :—
 Then barks outrageous ;—waking half the village,
 And drives the ruffians from their destin'd pillage.

When *Hecate* saw poor Peter in the dumps,
 Her breast resounded with tremend'ous thumps.—
 A goblin she dispatch'd with anxious care,
 And orders not to lose one single tear
 That 'Squire Pindar shed ;
 But in a magic viol, place the same.—

The goblin flew away :—and back again he came,—
 With Peter's tears, the magic viol fill'd ;
These, the snaky goddess, soon distill'd; And

VULCAN'S REBUKE.

17

And intermix'd the same,
 With cursed simples, and pernicious bane
 That grew most rank,
 On *Lethe's* dreary bank ; —
 Then sent her goblin up to earth again,
 With orders to *anoint* the *Poet's* brain ;
 To rub his tongue, and eyes,
 And whisper in his ear—her counsel wise.—

But e'er, on batty wings, the goblin stray'd,
 Pale *Hecate* to his claws a pen convey'd ;
 Give this, (quoth she) to *Peter* :

This pen, shall metamorphose virtue's feature,
 And turn her to a crooked, ill-form'd creature : —

(Then looking round on me,
 The jade of hell, thus said, jocose and free)
 “ *Vulcan* ! —she shall appear more crook'd than thee.”

Just as the *Vixen* said, so things came round ;
 In *Peter* she a willing convert found :
 The magic pen by *Hecate* thus bewitch'd,
 Soon cloath'd his naked back, and bottom breech'd.

No more he mourn'd, the golden phantom lost,
 Pregnant with cheerful hope, the seas recross'd ;

D

Then

Then in a garret form'd his lyric themes,
His lofty poems, and heroic dreams.—

All those in whom, the Graces did combine,
Exalted honor, and true merit shine;
Thy cousin Peter taught in Hecate's school,
Turn'd to low laughter, and vile ridicule.

PAUL.

If this, Sir Vulcan, be your godship's way
To tune my fiddle, and inspire my lay

In Peter Pindar's praise;

Pray keep within your subterraneous den,
Don't hither come, to tease good honest men
And rob us of our bays.

VULCAN.

I rob you, Man!—you poets rob yourselves
As mice in cheese, when they insult the shelves;

Or moths in cloaths,—or maggots in a nut:—

If bards have money,—or moneyworth to lose,
Be it or bays, or periwigs, or shoes,

The nine voracious Muses eat it up.

PAUL.

VULCAN'S REBUKE.

19

PAUL.

What is wealth?—a mere delusive name;
 An ignisfatuus,—a shade,—a dream!

A generous heart Peruvian gold surpasses.—
 Where wealth is join'd to narrowness of mind,
 (However dignify'd)—such men we find
 Inglorious mules;—and despicable asses.

Mark miser P——y, whose enlarg'd estate,
 Yields forty thousand pounds a year complete;
 In midst of riches, he is always poor:
 Give him the wealth of east, and western climes,
 And all the produce of rich Pluto's mines,
 You find his heart still panting after more.

If one mean groat would stop a poor man's knell,
 And save a dying wretch, from death and hell;
 Such is his savage, Caledonian breast,
 He'd not bestow one paltry penny dole
 To save his own,—or his poor neighbour's soul;
 Or make the orphan,—or the widow blest.

GOLD is the devil's bait—his charm—his snare,
 With which he catches mortals unaware,
 And nabs 'em;—as old Mouse, did nab his mare.

VULCAN.

And when your plump, round-belly'd, well-fed foes—
 (As butchers, bakers, or such *knaves* as thofe)
 Laugh at your own, and childrens' pettitoes,
 To see them *kif* the ground ;
 Sweet soothing couplets ! you together chime,
 Soal pretty *Bobby's* little shoes—with *rhime* ;

And make all breaches sound.

And when your wives, or mistresses, so dear,
 Bawl *loud* for farthing candles, *gin*, or *beer*,
 And plague you for the *pence* ;
 Your eyeballs instant glance, from pole to pole—
 For candles, *gin*, and *beer*, extatic roll,

And bring it down from thence.

PAUL.
 Or true, or false, I will no more contend ;
 To these disputes there's like to be no end—
 Pray you, good *Vulcan*, be my cousin's friend ;

My homespun lay inspire,

That I may pile encomiums on his name,
 And by this *Ode*, immortalize his fame—

(VULCAN)

If so ;—may I eat fire.

Thou

Thou simple mule,—thou pumice-stone,—thou cinder,
What :—praise such a *dirty cur* as Peter Pindar ?

A ²³ runagate,—a goose ;

Who took French leave of Cornwall's dreary mines,
 Smote with the lustre of his neighbour's vines,

And long'd to suck the juice.

Who ran away, with true *Pindarick* haste
 And manly valour ;—from a maiden's waist,

Now puff'd up to her chin :—

Ill-fated Nymph !—unhappy Creature !

Ah, Peter,—Peter !

Good folks declare

That you the author were

Of this *long metre*.

That you composed this sad, this dismal ditty,
 Before you ran away to London city.—

Ah, pitty !—pitty !—pitty !—

Some wicked knaves

At Church, gave out *two slaves*

And thus did sing :—

“ Now let us sing to Peter Pindar's glory,

“ A *true*, but most *ungodly* story ;

“ How, as the neighbours say

“ He ran away—

“ From ²⁴ a girl's *apron-string* ! ! —

This

This is the *hero*, of the present race,
That, like a tom-cat, *spits* in every face
With IMPUDENCE sublime:—

The swaggering chief, of potent *punchinello*,
Who from Parnassian crannies raves and bellows—
Like thy *own self* in thime.

Great Peter, like *great Paul*—knocks down and slays
A thousand foes at once, a thousand ways,

By pouncing through a quill :
Gigantic bonds, and notes of hand annoys ;
Both principal and int'rest, at one *pop* destroys,
By meer poetic skill.

When Tom, with *door*, is sent from landlord Joe's,
Lin'd with a troop of *potbooks*, and *round o's*,
And hieroglyphic scrawls ;
The landlord's *heavy bill* th' Esquire explodes,
Bombards him with his *Poems*, and his *Odes*,
Till down poor *Tommy* falls.

And when poor *Jane* the washerwoman comes,
And *baker*, to be paid for crust and crumbs,
And *milkwench* with each item ;
Upon the banks of Helicon he stands,
His creditors defies with open hands,
And swears by Jove he'll fight 'em. This

VULCAN'S REBUKE.

23

This is the *man*, who to obtain the bays
 Poor helpless FEMALES (like a savage) slays ;
 Yes, and he scalps 'em too :
 Sends *prudence* in a whirlwind to Old Nick ;
 Honor and merit, like two footballs kick :—
 But what can't Poets do ?

PAUL.

True, father *Vulcan*, true.—
 And pray you, what can't gods ?—
 (At least such gods as you.)

Whose beaucous shape, as mother *Venus* knows
 (And osten *swore*)—is fit to *frighten crows*,
 When with their sable beaks, they stub the grain
 New sown and harrow'd, by the lab'ring swain :
 Or pigeons, that from dove-cotes fly with haste,
 And tithe poor *farmers*, like the pious *priest*.

VULCAN.

Fain would I curse thee with a line of damns,
 Reduc'd to oblong squares, or parallelograms ;
 Yea, take thee by the collar :
 But such rough treatment (Poet) I will wave,
 Such very splendid education leave
 To some apt Oxford Scholar.

I'll

I'll pit an Oxford Scholar for a prize,
 To blast with *classic ease*, his limbs and eyes,
 Against Lord — T — :
 Those gladiators, if engag'd to swear,
 All sober umpires, must of course declare
 Both came from hell on furlough.

PAUL.

Good father *Vulcan*, here you might be silent,
 Respecting *swearing*,—you yourself are *vi'lent*,
 As goblins know full well :
 The goddess *Juno*, and your father *Jove*,
 In vain against your imprecations strove,
 And hurl'd you down to hell.
 Infernal Sire, I must your pardon crave
 For saying (in this place) what I believe,
 (Nor more nor less than this)
 That every soul,—as in the present case
 Sees, in his *brother's eye*, his own disgrace,
 But nought in *self amiss*.—

VULCAN.

Paul thou art right,—know this, thy cousin Peter
 Deserves the name of such a *partial creature* ;
 For at the exhibition

The

VULCAN'S REBUKE.

25

Poor painters' *errors* he can quickly find,
 But to his *own* most wretched daubings blind,
 Feels no contrition.

Didst thou ne'er see, adorn some house of call,
 At Wapping, Deptford, Greenwich, or Blackwall,

(Erst on a frigate's prow)

Britannia, or my cousin *Neptune's* head,
 With goggle eyes,—and cheeks smear'd o'er with red?—
 Such *portraits* grace thy cousin Peter's show.

Didst thou e'er ken those solemn, gloomy scenes—

The *pomp* of *bishops*,—and the *pride* of *deans*?

Cathedral places?

Each gothic arch, and gothic moulding crown'd,
 With *frightful* heads;—in earth, nor heaven found;

Just such, are Peter's *Graces*.

PAUL.

Perfidious god;—illiberal, wicked elf,
 Who measures all men by your own dear self,
 (Your own contracted scale)

What?—Bishops *pompous*!—Deans *aceus'd* with *pride*?
 Who never in *fine coaches*,—nor in *chariots* ride,
 Or in *stupendous palaces* reside;

E

Or

VULCAN'S REBUKE.

Or coronets, or *papal mitres* wear,
Or coifs, gowns, cassocks, or such gaudy gear;

Or covet gain:—

Who preach the *gospel* in such language *plain*:
Men whose *lives*, and common actions show,
They think of *things above*;—

(VULCAN.)

—*And things below.*—

(PAUL.)

Foes to *pleasure, women, wine, and bounds*;
Easter dues, and taking *tithes in kind*:—

(VULCAN.)

—*Zounds! Paul,—zounds!*—

(PAUL.)

Lib'ral, generous, kind and good to all,
Renouncing self—

(VULCAN.)

—*And dame religion—Paul.*

PAUL.

Thou pagan god,—devoid of christian grace,
How durst you thus deride me to my face?

Wer't thou at Rome, or Portugal, or Spain,
And treat the *holy priests* with such disdain,

The

The grandees of the Church in synod seated
 Would vote, to have thee *excommunicated*.
 To purgatory's shades, thou wouldst be sent
 With *profligates*; for *eating beef* in Lent.

VULCAN.

Let *pурblind priests* exalt the *holy cross*
 To *roasted fowls*, *rump steaks*, and *oyster sauce*;
 O'er *dear sirloin*, and *baunch*, shed weeping eyes;
 And forthwith *excommunicate mince pies*.

Themselves, with *fowls*, *steaks*, *oysters*, *haunches*, go
 To purgatory's gloomy shades below:—
 There feed the craving mawes of *graceless elves*,
 Who for such silly baubles damn themselves.

What simpletons are those, who *pawn their soul*
 For *bubble and squeak*, and *Yorkshire toad in hole*;—
 Who set their tortur'd conscience on the twitters
 For eating *beef* (in Lent) and *bacon fritters*:—
 (But some wise *devotees* will undertake
 To prove from scripture—*flesh* is *grass*,—not *meat*.)

How circumscrib'd must be the human mind,
 Contracted, narrow, little and confin'd,

To think that *mighty power*, so good and great,
Should *frown* upon mankind for what they eat :
In Charon's sable boat, o'er *Styx* be sent
For picking of a *marrow-bone* in Lent.

First cleanse thy heart, dear Paul, make *conscience* free,
Then laugh and sing, with *cheerfulness* and me ;
All superstitious, *slavish* modes defy,
Live (my dear friend,) as thou wouldest wish to *die*.

Now, for the climes *beneath*,—where *Cyclops* pound
The blazing metal, in hell's deep profound :
There the huge *sledge*, with finew'd arm I'll tend,
The broken armour of the goblins mend ;
A task more *easy*,—and less pain to me
Than mending *Peter*, or such *knaves* as thee.

PAUL JUVENAL's PRAYER

TO THE
MONTHLY REVIEWERS.

HAIL mighty Tribunes, Consuls, sovereign Lords !
Enthron'd in *garrets*, or on tailors' boards ;
Who monthly synods hold ;—in *Judgment* fit,
To hang up *Merit*,—and to butcher *Wit*.

Before your shrine, on bended knees I fall ;
To you for *Candour*,—and for *Mercy* call.

Should you be pleas'd, a gracious smile to give,
And *condescend* to let your servant *live*,
Believe me, Sirs,—(for ever and for aye)
Paul Juvenal for you, and *your's*, will pray.

Saint *Becket* he'll invoke, that you may be
From catchpoles, gaols, and fetters, always free ;
(However *low*, *necessitous*, and *mean*)
From lice, fleas, bugs, and noxious vermin clean :
If but *one shirt* ; that you may patient lie
Upon the straw, until your linen's dry.

And

And when to *Middle-Row* you turn your eyes,
 There risk a *penny dip*, to gain a prize,
 He'll pray the gods that over *wigs* preside
 Your honors may draw *wigs*, that's *full* and *wide*:
Wigs without blemish—cauls without a flaw;
 A Doctor's *wisdom*, or a *judge* of law.
 A Rector's *bush*, with *learned* frize array'd,
 Or Pleader's *scratch*, with nature's curls display'd;
 Which nor like porcupines, nor hedgehogs stare;
 But such as *wise Reviewers* ought to wear.

Should *Porridge Island* be your honors' road,
 To *gorge* a groatsworth of rich *alamode*,
 He'll fervent *pray*, the *horseflesh* may be good,
 The *cats* well boil'd, and prove delicious food.—
 Or if your *Worships* be for *soup* inclin'd,
 Saint *Bridget* he'll invoke, that you mayn't find
 At bottom of your dish—a mastiff's jaw
 (Or human tooth,) to disconcert your maw.

And when your *Lordships* plough your fertile brain,
 And sow and harrow in the *learned* grain,
 He'll pray to *Ceres*, goddess of the field,
 Your wise productions may *rich profits* yield:
 Your *own Reviews*, your *own great merit* found,
 And bring good *crops*—tho' sown on *barren ground*.

A V I S I O N.

WHEN *Phæbus* had withdrawn his splendid beams,
 And paid a visit to the world beneath ;
 When hooping owls commenc'd alternate screams,
 And ghosts ascended from the solemn grave !

When wild-ducks, fearless of the sportsman's gun,
 Close to the drowsy fold, loud quacking flutter ;
 The timid hare, through beaten mazes run,
 And drunken *parsons*, on their pillows mutter.

'Twas when tom-cats upon the penthouse stroll,
 Leaving the merry mice to romp at ease ;
 Revel at large, round platter, dish, or bowl ;
 Delve in the loaf,—or gnaw the Cheshire cheese.

'Twas when the *miser* (wak'd by discontent)
 Counts o'er the profits of the barren day ;
 How much is due, from this, and that, for rent ;
 How much for *int'rest*, others have to pay.

When

A VISION.

When lawyers' *dupes* sleep quietly, like *widgeons* :
 Secure from harm ; and *breaths* quite free of cost ;
 No more by *kind* attorneys, pluck'd like *pidgeons*,
 Or on the billows of destruction toss'd !

'Twas at that time, when *Will* with a *Whisp* delude
 Bewilder'd peasants, from the wonted path,
 Through church-yards lead them, and o'er moors so rude,
 Then fouse them in the *bogs*, and stand and *laugh*.

I, at that time,—as poets often do,—
 (Like *bats*, and *owls*, not sedulous to dose,)
 The wakeful muse, through shades of night pursue,
 Invoke her aid ;—or fit and mend my *boſe*.

Sleep or awake, ye gods, I cannot tell,
 The things I saw (grave Sirs) I'll not enhance ;
 I was convey'd to *Lymbo* (hard by hell)
 And saw what follows, in a kind of trance.

Through various windings, lin'd with moving sprites,
 Conducted by an *Elf* sent from below ;
 He show'd me spacious *caverns*, grac'd with lights,
 Together standing in a stately row.

Each

A VISION.

Each cavern lin'd with many thousand mutes,
 Plac'd in due order, method, shape and size ;
 All dumb,—and yet abounding with disputes ;
 Brim full of tongues,—but void of mouth or eyes.

These caves first pass'd ;—aloof we clamber'd high,
 Into a dusty despicable cell,
 Plac'd much above the rest, and near the sky ;
 Full of vile cobwebs, and as dark as hell !

Here human skeletons, on hooks were hung ;
 Arms, legs and thighs, lay mangled on the floor :
 Skulls (like ropes of onions) together strung,
 Poor poets, wallowing, (like pigs) in gore !

Gasping for breath ;—beneath vile ruffians sprawling,
 Squeaking for mercy with uplifted eyes ;
 Like lobsters, into boiling water falling,
 Or when a *rat* (caught by a ferret)—dies !

Or like a *frog*—the frightful adders prey,
 When 'twixt his horrid fangs my lady's got ;
 She strains her yellow limbs, to hop away ;
 But (without aid of clergy)—death's her lot !

A V I S I O N.

ON wooden benches, side by side, were plac'd
 A row of black assassins,—butchers,—knaves !
 Keen scalping-knives each bloody hand disgrac'd,
 And poison'd daggers ;—hid within their sleeves.

Right in the centre, on a pompous throne ;
 The outside, *pasteboard*, and *morocco* leather,
Vellum and *calf's* skin, that with *gilding* shone ;
 Stuff'd with the produce of a goose's feather.

Was plac'd the *chief*,—with *hebrew* helmet crown'd,
 Bright *latin* armor, and a *grecian* shield ;
Arabian bow, *grammarian* spear profound,
 And *philosophic* broad-sword for the field.

Booted with *logic* gives,—the rivets brafs ;
 A *mathematic* breast-plate shone before,
 That *Alexander's* quilt did far surpass,
 Which near the famous *Granicus* he wore.

When on his *legs*, he was as tall and big
 As huge *Goliath*, that whole armies scorn'd ;
 His *snout* (for all the world) was like a *pig*,
 His ears like *asses* ;—and his forehead *horn'd*.

A VISION.

A crabbed, surly, ill-condition'd creature ;

Petulant and proud, (as proud could be)

Like doctor Johnson, a mere *bog* by nature,

A *Mouchee-mackee-naw* ;—or *Cherokee*.

The *monster* spoke, the moment that we enter'd,

Like a black turkey, in his gizzard grumbled ;

(I stood far off)—the goblin near him ventur'd,

And some strange jargon with his *bearship* mumbled.

More deep than *Tophet* seem'd his *cogitation*,

His *tenets* mystical, dark and ambiguous ;

Beside *himself*, not twenty in a nation

So deep could dive ; (though like a *rat*) amphibious.

With heart-felt pleasure he beheld me stare ;

Ambitious to be thought, profoundly wise :—

But, by the gods, he look'd so like a *bear* ;

On *that* account *alone*, I fix'd my eyes.

(Fishing for praise) he ask'd me why I wonder'd ?—

“ To see a bear (quoth I) without a muzzle ; ”

On which in *greek*, and *arabick* he thunder'd,

And us'd such *terms* as might a jackass puzzle.

THE President (a wight of grim deport)

Brown as a pancake in a fry'ng-pan burn'd;
Two ruffles and a frill;—but ne'er a shirt,
And wore a coat thrice dy'd,—and often turn'd.

Thrice he assay'd to speak;—then hem'd, and haw'd;
Twisted his jaw, and tugg'd his ragged breech;
His staring ribs unmercifully claw'd,
As if tormented with the raging itch.

At length he spoke;—loud as a jackass bray'd,
“ Fetch in the *victims*, you that stand around!”
Away they flew, and with them back convey'd
Two hapless youths,—blindfolded, gagg'd, and bound.

Close round the destin'd prey the Vultures press'd,
Like Brutus, and his ignominious crew;
In spacious *fool-caps*, both the *victims* dress'd,
Then drew their *daggers*, and the prisoners flew.

Smote with pale horror,—all amaz'd I stood;
My nerves all shook, a tempest seiz'd my brain:
I look'd like some stiff warrior, carv'd in wood,
So long ago as great king Alfred's reign.

The little devil, seeing me thus wonder,
 Gave me his paw with expeditious glee;
 The ruffians strove to cut us both asunder,
 But back again to *life*, he flew with me.

PERPLEX'D to find the import of this dream
 Or trance, or vision, (or what else you please)
 I vex'd like *Pharoah* of most ancient fame,
 But found no *Joseph* that could give me ease.

I cross'd my mule, and gallop'd up to *Town*,
 Where *conjurors* did swarm, as I was told;
 And *cunning-men*, of most approv'd renown,
 But nothing could those *cunning-men* unfold.

ONE summer's eve, hard by a limpid stream,
 Recluse amidst the rocks, with woodlands round;
 My mind was fix'd on this portentious dream,
 Absorb'd in fancy's maze, and deep profound.
 Into a second trance I forthwith fell,
 (Or *pulpit* doze;—or good sound church-pew, *snore*
 Or *bible* nap) enforc'd by magic spell,
 And saw the *goblin* that I saw before.

Why

A VISION.

Why puzzle, Paul, (quoth he) about thy dreaming?

Turn AUTHOR (fool) and thou wilt know at once,
The top and bottom of the vision's meaning—

But listen now to me,—thou stupid dunce.

The winding ways, adorn'd with blazing lights,

Through which I took thee when we first sat out,

Are London streets, with lamps (to light dark nights)

The moving spirits—folks, that trudge about.

The spacious caverns,—in the next place know,

Lin'd with so many mutes, with sullen looks,

Are spacious shops in Paternoster-Row,

In order set, with ample store of books.

The upper cells, so dusty and so vile;

Where skulls and bones (like onions or carrots)

Were tied in bunches, or laid pile on pile,

Are upper stories, or booksellers' garrets.

There hired Criticks meet,—their juntos hold,

Poor Authors cut and mangle all to pieces;

Unless redeem'd by silver, or small gold,

Or pretty well to like, in "Master's graces."

Impale alive all such as undermine
 The trade—by turning *Editors* themselves;
 That dare to manufacture prose, or rhyme,
 Without employing those fore-stalling elves.

If thou art not quite *carrion* meat (good Paul)
 Unworthy of the critick's bloody knife,
 Like brother *calves*, you must expect to fall,
 And in the *slaughter-house* yield up thy life.

PETER himself (thy dear, and honor'd friend)
 With whom the *muses* were stark mad in love,
 (Ready to *hang* themselves to some rope's end)
 Was butcher'd *there*,—and sent to gods above.

If they'd not spare a *genuine* wit like him,
 But cut him into *bits*, (like pitchcock'd eel),
 Depend upon't, they will thy jacket *trim*,
 And in a *whirlwind*, send thee to the *de'l*.

Reviewers *there*, their monthly works compose,
 Extolling all the books their *masters* sell;
 Treating all others,—as the *Pope* his foes,
 Condemning them by candle, book, and bell.

Poor heretical bards, from head to feet
 Are damn'd;—and in the fire, burnt like blocks;
 Sold to the devil as vile offal meat,
 And sent to hell, as *fools* not orthodox,

Baited like *badgers*, tied up in a bag,
 Deny'd the liberty to see their foes:
 Or *bulls* chain'd to a ring, reputed *mad*,
 With mad-dogs hanging to the creature's nose.

Did you e'er see (supported by a bracket)
 Two wooden men with clubs, most huge and fell,
 That every quarter makes a devilish racket
 Against the margin of St. Dunstan's bell?

Go bid *Reviewers* to that spot repair,
 The movement of those *figures*, well consider;
 They tally with *themselves*;—yes,—to a hair:
 A *critick's* a *machine*, or wooden figure.

That strikes the blow, just when booksellers please
 To wind the critick-clock, and acting wires;
 They pound poor *authors*, with mechanic ease;
 And in their fix'd employment—never tires.

A VISION.

41

THE cent'ral *monster* that appear'd so big;
 (Whose servile *chains*, the *Muses* can't endure)
 So much like Doctor Johnson;—or a *pig*,
 (Which you took for a *bear*,)—was LITERATURE.

The great ANTEUS of the *classic crew*,
 The *Dæmon*, at whose feet they all fall down;
 Worship'd by learned *blockheads*, (not a few)
 And purblind *dunces*, of no small renown.

THE President you saw tug up his breech,
 Without a *shirt*, and with a ragged coat on;
 (Saints bless him) he's a *Scotchman*, with the itch,
 A *champion*, the *wise* Reviewers dote on.

Faith, he's a *deep* and very learned *spark*, Mon;
 A bonny fellow, in the field of letters:
 Divinely brave at *flabbing* in the dark, Mon;
 A muckle laddy, to degrade his *betters*.

The swarm of servants round about his worship
 Ever, attentive to the *dunce's call*,
 Are pimps and runners, to his mighty *curship*;
 Purveyors to the *Scotchman's* critic *stall*.

A VISION.

A swarm of *locusts*, flying up and down,
 From *post* to *pillar*, to sift honest people;
 Who feel the *pulse* and judgment of the *Town*,
 Then spread their *bread*, with other people's *treacle*.

If public *voice* speaks loud against their *side*,
 And *spleen* can't stem the torrent of applause,
 They gib their *sails*—run down with *wind* and *tide*,
 Though e'er so much against their *snarling laws*.

THE hapless *youths*, you saw with so much pain,
 Blindfolded, gagg'd, and bound with servile cords,
 Were *WIT* and *MERIT*, by *Reviewers* slain;
 Cut up and quarter'd, by those potent *lords*.

THUS having said, he fann'd his splendid wings,
 Full of bright eyes;—exceedingly bewitching:
 Shedding more fragrance than *Zephyrus* brings
 From bakers' ovens,—or a *bishop's kitchen*.

I long'd to learn the little goblin's name,
 But for my *blood*, I could not bring't about:
 His little sparkling *eye*, appear'd a flame;
 I say his *eye*—because he'd *one* beat out.

His

A VISION.

43

His cheeks were scratch'd, as 'twere by female nails,
 (I've hit his name,—by all the stars above)
 This scratching circumstance with me prevails,
 To think him little Cupid—god of love.

Away he flew, much swifter than a swallow ;
 (But whether to heaven or hell, I can't explain)
 Thrice I assay'd the little elf to follow,
 Then suddenly to life return'd again.



GENERAL

2

GENERAL REMARKS.

WE pronounce the whole of the foregoing Composition, a most incomparable performance.

We wonder (Gentlemen Criticks) the world should not have been foretold the appearance of this *Aurora Borealis*;—this splendid *Genius!* in the prophetic records of the ancient *Sibyls*.

A Phœnomena of this magnitude, (which so seldom makes its appearance in our poetical hemisphere) must needs attract universal attention, and engross public applause.

Behold the EXORDIUM :—Gods!—how *sublime!* how elegantly beautiful!—Our Poet's calling on *Urania* for *gin*, falls but little short of the divine *Pathos* of *Homer*, and o'ertops the lofty *Ideas* of 'Squire Pindar.

And as touching *measure* and *method*, (Gentlemen) say no more about Jack Dryden or Aristotle. When placed in opposition to this bright luminary of erudition, those inferior orbs must certainly be eclipsed.

Our bard (Gentlemen) laughs at leading-strings:—He cannot bear to amble in the beaten track, like a packhorse with his bells, or an ass loaded with panniers:—He is not accustomed to go round and round in a mill; zig-zag in the shafts of a dust cart, or freight forward in a plough; but walks, trots, gallops and uses *all paces*.—A true blood horse, (Gentlemen) full of *mettle*.—Flys over every thing—sticks at *nothing*!

Is not this much more commendable than falling, like modern bards, fast asleep on the crupper of *Pegasus*, and involving pious readers in the like predicament?—We are pleased (Gentlemen) to see *Peter* and *Paul*, so well agree, as to ride *double* on the same *hobby-horse*. And we hope they will not fall out on the road, like the two *trencher makers*.

Thus far our General Remarks, -and now for our

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

[¹ *Fain would I scrape, &c.*] This is a clear demonstration of our Bard's singular *modesty*; who prefers a plain fiddle, and salt-box, to all the fine instruments in Apollo's music-shop.

[² *Peter the bane of kings.*] This can't be (begging our Bard's pardon.) It is absurd to suppose that so despicable a thing as a *doggrel Poet*, should disturb the tranquility of a *king*.

—But little puppies will bark at great mastiffs. And what doth all their yelping avail? —It only excites a *stream of scorn*; —that's *all*, Gentlemen.

[³ *And laureat's devil.*] Every man, (Ladies) has his *devil*, whether *married* or *single*.— A *devil* is made up of *envy*: —Peter, as some folks think, envies Tom's bays, or as others say Tom's *salary*. —Therefore Peter is become Tom's *devil*.

Hence (dear Ladies) arise that great *South Sea* of *SLANDER* (a *sea* you are so little acquainted with) that overwhelms poor Tom in Peter's *Ode upon Ode*.

[⁴ *Rosin my fiddlestick.*] Every blind fidler in the kingdom of Ireland must *see* the propriety of this expression—without the aid and assistance of *rosin*, how should a man be able to make a *dumb fiddle speak*?

[⁵ *Shall thrum, &c.*] *Thrum* (SAX.) the end of a weaver's *werp*, and *Werp* (BELG.) is to draw out or *wind*. Very applicable to winding, or spinning out a poem.

A *Poet* and a *Weaver*, are very nearly a-kin,—only with this *small* difference; —a *Weaver* is generally covered over with *threads*, but a *Poet* is generally *thread-bare*.

[⁶ *Hail, hunch-back'd god.*] This (Sir Joshua) is a bolder likeness than you ever hit off in your life, though so famous a *dauber*. —It *breathes* in the dead colouring, equal to a finished picture, painted in *varnish*. —It beats the half length of Alexander Pope at Oxford— hollow; and shows every *deformity* much more to the life.—It out-masters Master Vandyck, Kneller and Thornhill, though *all* knighted; consequently, all great Painters.

[⁷ *Lubberheaded crowd.*] Lubber, i. e. of *Lapp*, (TEUT.) *FOOL*.—But every man for himself, (as the proverb says) and god for us *all*: —We will advance no more on this subject, for fear of *affronting* the public.

[⁸ *Or*

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

47

[⁸ *Or crown some brother fool.*] Every Lyric Poet, or Merry Andrew, in the king's dominions has, by the laws of *Pie Powder*, an indisputable right to call himself a *Fool*, if he thinks proper:—And he is not recognizable in any superior court of judicature for such public declaration. [BURN'S JUST. vol. 2.]

[⁹ *As he of Lice, &c.*] Vide, that truly loyal, modest, elegant, candid poem; emphatically called the *Loufad*.

[¹⁰ *Yea: and imperial bugs.*] The Abbé De Tivoli proves to a demonstration, that *bugs* made their first appearance at Rome in the reign of *Tarquinius Priscus*, 138 years after its first foundation by *Romulus*, and in the year of the world 3389; and were conveyed to Rome from the city of Tarquinia, in the crannies of an old bedstead, belonging to *Tanaquil* consort of *Tarquinius Priscus*. [ANTIQ. RO. DE TIV, tom. 3. sec. 10.]

[¹¹ *As late, beneath, &c.*] We may reasonably conclude from this circumstance, that Peter Pindar then resided in *London*, as our Poet could not have met with so many *bites* in any other place.

[¹² *Vermilion skies.*] The Poet here alludes to Peter's landscape painting, who (it seems) is not quite so happy in the clearness of his skies as Claude Lorain.—Peter being so cruel a tormentor of the poor disciples of St. Luke, his own skies may well *blush* at him.

[¹³ *Cast aside your quid.*] This passage fully determines, and evidently proves, that the heathen gods chewed tobacco.

[¹⁴ *And with old maidens smile.*] This (Ladies) is out of our power to explain; as old maidens are seldom known to smile.

[¹⁵ *Thou shirtless bard.*] We come now to Vulcan's reply, which teems with abuse from beginning to end.—He strips our poet into buff at first stroke, and leaves not a rag behind!

[¹⁶ *Tell him to wash his face.*] If, what every body says be true—this is a necessary piece of advice.

[¹⁷ *And not defile, &c.*] The maids of all-work, where Peter visits, must be obliged to Vulcan for this hint.

[¹⁸ *They'll kick him up the stairs.*] We hope not.—Servants mostly reside *below stairs*, therefore kicking *up* is very proper.

As Pindar's *scandal manufactory* turns out a very profitable branch of business, he ought to pay poor menial servants, who furnish him with *raw materials*.

[¹⁹ *Barrell'd*

[¹⁹ Barrell'd poet.] We have heard of barrelled oysters, and barrelled herrings, but never heard of barrelled poets before.—When this affair is publicly known, will it not hurt the sale of porter think you, Gentlemen?—

[²⁰ More black than Catiline.] Vulcan means his personal likeness;—nothing more we can assure you.

[²¹ A better bard, &c.] This passage seems to imply that bards sometimes appear in skins, not human;—if so, they must be a kind of dancing fauns; half men, and half beasts,—with short tails and long ears.

[²² Deem'd Peter worthy of a parson's gown.] All this (excepting a few little embellishments) is very true;—so they say.—As to what passed in the shades below, we must give Vulcan credit for that.

[²³ A runagate, a goose.] Had Peter been a dancing-master instead of a poet, the appellation of goose might have been proper; because in the first place, they are very silly creatures—and in the second place, they are expert at nothing but standing on one leg.

[²⁴ From a girl's apronstring.] This being a feather in Peter's cap, and a proof (altho' he ran away) of his manhood; we will take our leave of him for the present.

And now, pious Ladies and Gentlemen, we will wish you the good old blessing of Syb and Som; that is to say,

Peace and security
HERE, and HEREAFTER.

ERRATA.

In the Exordium, for reigns read reign;—Page 7, line 2, for and read or;—P. 5 and 8, for fix read phix;—P. 11, l. 5, for plays read play; l. 6, for turns—turn;—P. 16, for viol—vial;—P. 18, for ridicule—ridicule;—P. 24, (the direction line) for The—Poor;—P. 25, l. 17, for measures—measure;—P. 27, for mawes—maws;—P. 32, for breathes—breaths;—P. 33; l. 4; for mouth—mouths;—P. 40, for makes—make; and in the last line of p. 40, for tires read tire.

THE END.

